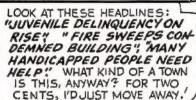


17 says: 88

WHAT'S THE





AW, MY FATHER

IS DISGUSTED WITH

HMMM ... WHY DON'T WE FIND OUT WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT? MAYBE WE CAN GET OUR TEACHER TO ORGANIZE A CLASS GROUP...



HOUSING

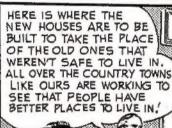
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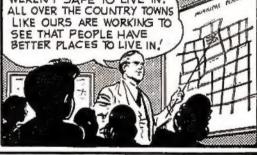


AND 50 ...

INEN

YES, MORE BOYS AND GIRLS IN OUR TOWN, AS IN OTHER TOWNS, BROKE THE LAW LAST YEAR. WE'RE TRYING OUR BEST TO HELP GET THEM STRAIGHTENED OUT, YOU CAN HELP, TOO, BY OBEYING THE LAW YOURSELVES AND HELPING YOUR FRIENDS TO THINK BEFORE THEY ACT.





EVERY TOWN HAS MORE HANDICAPPED PEOPLE NOW WE MUST TRY TO PREVENT ACCIDENTS AND SEE THAT OUR CITIZENS KNOW HOW TO TAKE BETTER CARE OF THEIR HEALTH. WE'VE LICKED A LOT OF DISEASES THAT USED TO BE VERY DANGEROUS -- AND WE CAN LICK THIS, TOO, IF EVERYBODY HELPS.

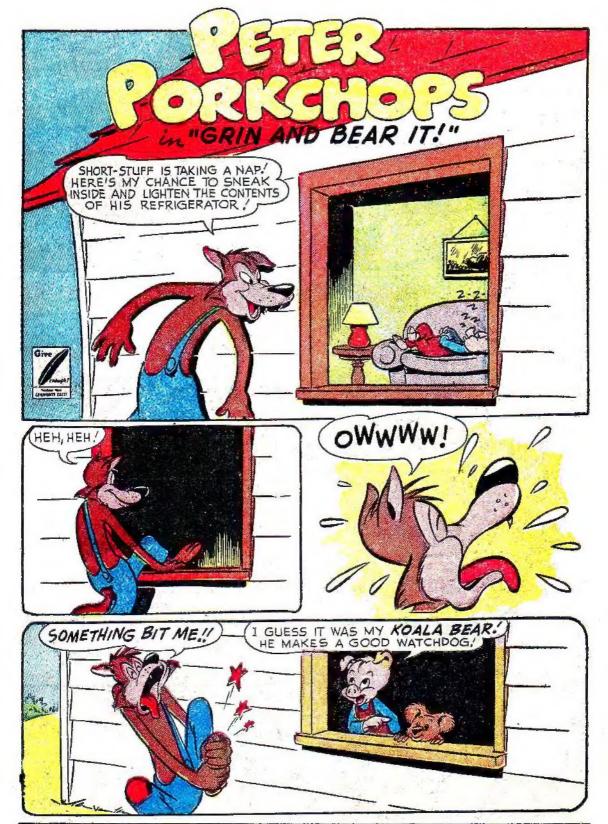


I'M GOING TO TELL MY DAD ABOUT ALL THE THINGS WE LEARNED, BINKY, WHEN HE KNOWS PEOPLE IN OUR TOWN ARE WORKING HARD TO MAKE THINGS BETTER, I THINK HE'LL WANT TO STAY HERE AND HELP!

WILL, JOE. L IDEA TO KNOW YOUR COMMUNITY SO YOU CAN LEARN WHAT IT NEEDS TO MAKE THINGS BETTER, THAT'S BEING A GOOD CITIZEN!

I BET HE

COOPERATION WITH THE NATIONAL SOCIAL COORDINATING ORGANIZATION FOR NATIONAL HEALTH, WELFARE AND RECREATION AGENCIES OF THE U.S.

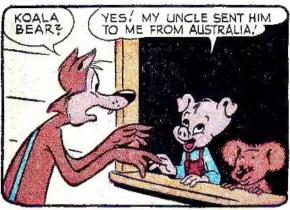


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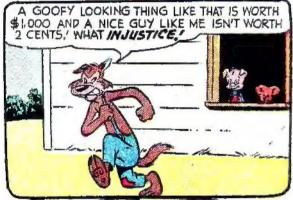
















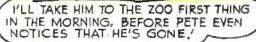




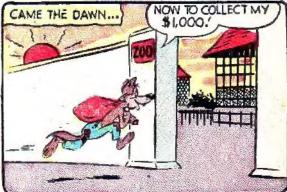




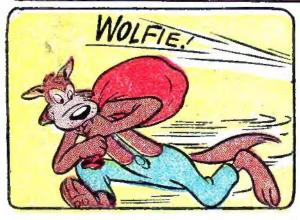








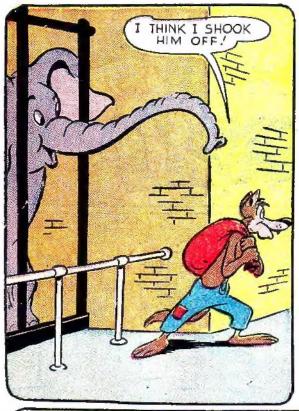


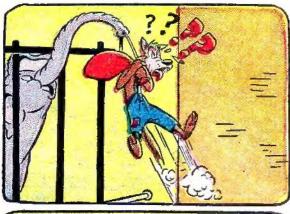


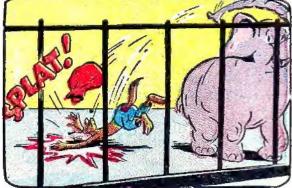
















































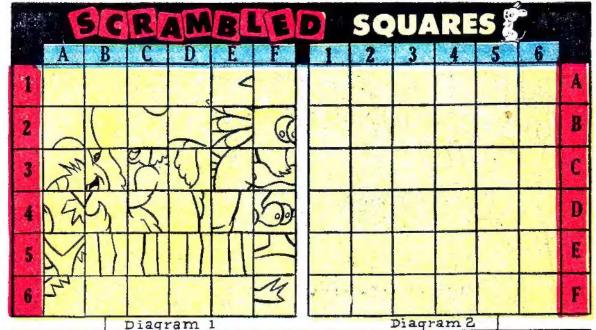
GET THAT SUCCESSFUL LOOK WITH AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING HAIR TONIC!

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE FINGERNAIL TEST?

Don't give dandruff and dryness a chance to ruin the looks of your hair. Keep it neat and natural all day with Wildrost Cream-Oil. Made with the heart of Lanolin, so much like the natural oil of your skin!







EVEN IF YOU'RE NOT AN ARTIST, YOU CAN DRAW A SURPRISE CARTOON IN DIAGRAM 2.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS JUST FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE DIRECTIONS: BEGINNING WITH SQUARE

1-A OF DIAGRAM 1, COPY THE LINES YOU FIND THERE INTO SQUARE 1-A OF DIAGRAM 2. THEN DO THE

SAME FOR SQUARES 1-B ... 1-C... AND SO ON, UNTIL YOU'VE FINISHED THE TOP ROW. COPY THE REMAINING ROWS IN THE SAME MANNER UNTIL ALL THE SQUARES OF DIAGRAM 1 HAVE BEEN COPIED INTO THE

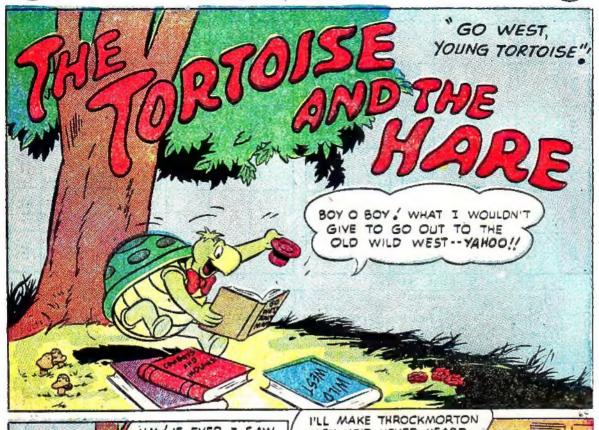
CORRESPONDING SQUARES OF DIAGRAM 2. IF YOU'VE COPIED CAREFULLY, LO AND BEHOLD !-- YOU'LL

SEE BEFORE YOU THE SURPRISE CARTOON!































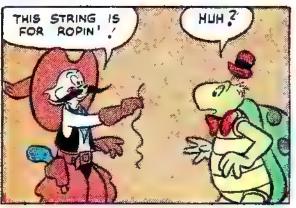








































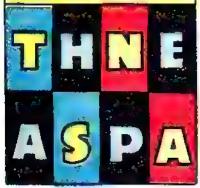




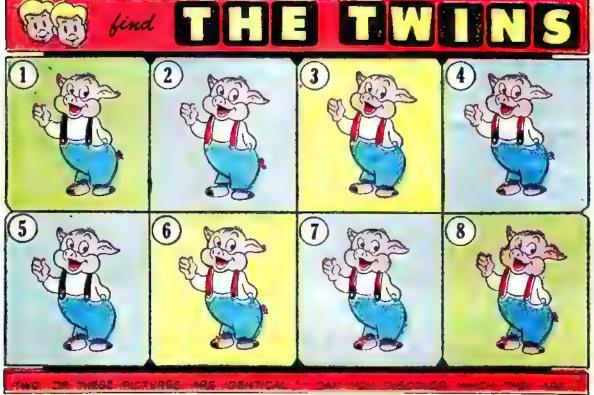


fun Shop

WITH THESE & LETTERS CAN
YOU SPELL THE NAME OF
A POPULAR BIRO?





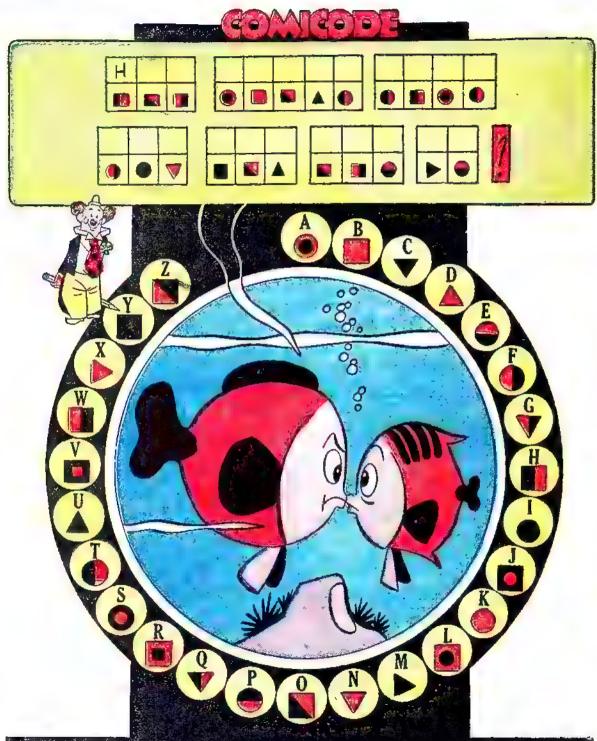


ANSWERS

Book - PHEASANT. Jurino - TWO AND EIGHT.



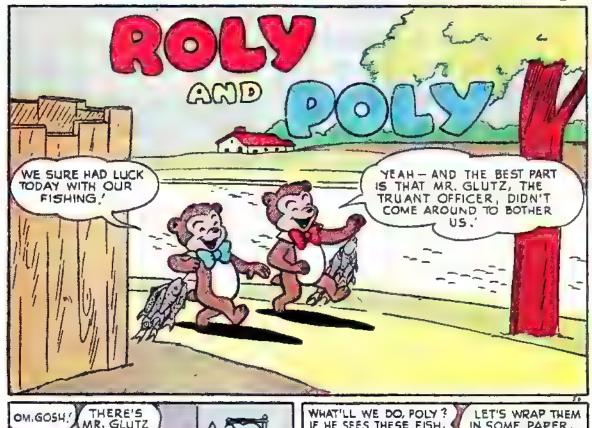




THE SYMBOLS IN THE COMICODE REPRESENT LETTERS. THE LETTERS THEY REPRESENT ARE SHOWN IN THE CIRCLES. IN ORDER TO READ THE COMICODE, IT IS NECESSARY TO PRINT THE LETTERS FOR WHICH THE SYMBOLS STAND, IN THE SQUARES ABOVE. THE FIRST LETTER HAS BEEN INSERTED TO START YOU OFF. CAN YOU COMPLETE THE JOB?















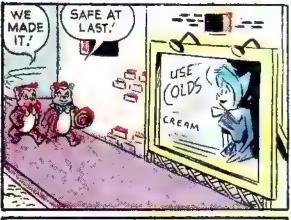


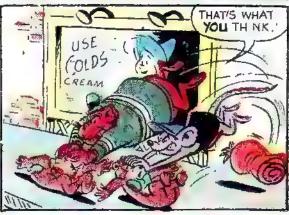




































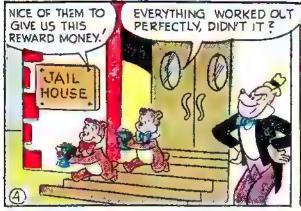




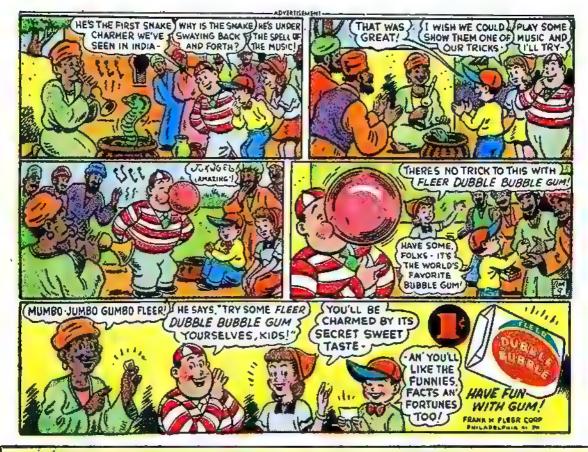












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WORLD'S FINEST COMICS































A GROWN-UP FATHER WANTS TO HIT A LITTLE























CATTO IN AND G SHIM A NE PONSI















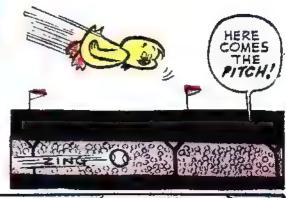
















HE SURE DIO.





HE CAN'T, HUH? DIDN'T

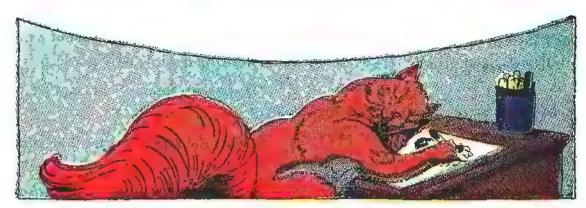








The Magic Tree



SAMMY SQUIRREL sat in the schoolroom, not paying much attention to the teacher. It wasn't Sammy's fault that he was so sleepy. After all, when somebody has to sleep out on a tree-stump with no shelter from the wind and rain, would you expect them to get much sleep? Of course not. And that's just what Sammy had done the night before. He'd slept out on a tree-stump. And now he was so tired he thought that three times three is five and that Paris was the capital of the United States!

"Ho hum," he thought, hiding his mouth behind his hand as he yawned a hig long yawn. "We simply must find a new home. Squirrels simply can't sleep outdoors and then expect to be wideawake and rarin'-to-go the next day."

You see, there had been quite a disaster in Sammy Squirrel's family. Their beautiful hig oak tree—the home in which they'd lived for years and years—had suddenly been struck by lightning the week before. The lightning had split that tree straight down its mid-

dle . . . and, just as quickly as that, Sammy's family was homeless. They had searched and searched for another tree-home in which to live, but all the other trees were occupied already. No empty tree trunk could they find. Their life of cozy comfort seemed to be gone forever.

Sammy managed to keep his eyes open through arithmetic class. His eyelids were half-open during history class. In geography class they were almost closed, but not quite. It was not until after recess and lunch that Sammy was absolutely unable to stay awake a minute longer. So, as soon as he entered the room for art class, he fell fast asleep.

The art teacher was so busy helping each little animal to draw his picture correctly, that she didn't notice the little squirrel with his face flat against the desk. She didn't notice, therefore . . and neither did anyone else . . . the very amazing thing which happened!

While Sammy slept he dreamed . . . what he dreamed of was a big beautiful tree . . . with a warm, cozy hollow in its

trunk, just big enough for a squirrel family. But that's not the important thing. The amazing thing was Sammy's hand! Instead of staying still upon the desk like sleeping peoples' hands usually do, Sammy's hand was moving! It moved across to get a crayon and then it moved towards the drawing paper. Sammy, still sound asleep, drew a picture!

All of a sudden a voice boomed in his ear and he awoke with a start.

"Don't pretend you're asleep, Sammy. I know you're not." It was his art teacher bending over his desk. "I know you're not because I can see what you've just drawn. That's a lovely tree, Sammy. Very lovely indeed. In fact, it's a much better drawing than you've ever done before. I'm surprised and very pleased." And with that she marked a big red 'A' on Sammy's picture and smiled at him as if she thought he'd turned out to be quite an excellent artist after all.

Sammy was astonished! He'd never been a very good artist before. And now here was this tree he'd crayoned, and not only had he somehow drawn it in his sleep, but . . . by golly . . . it was the very same gorgeous tree he'd been dreaming about!

After school Sammy hurried home to his mother. She sat forlornly upon the broken tree stump, trying to dry out her fur after the storm. She stopped shivering when Sammy told her what had happened. He asked her how she could explain his dreaming about a tree and drawing it while he was asleep.

"It's magic, Sammy," his mother replied.

Sammy thought about it all evening, as the night grew colder and colder. If his tree was magic enough, perhaps it could even be real! Sammy crept off the tree-stump. He took his picture and a pair of scissors into a nearby daisy field. Sitting down, he carefully cut out the tree. Then he dug a little hole and set the paper tree upright in the dirt.

"Magic tree, come ALIVE!" he said.

Nothing happened, so, disappointed, Sammy returned to the tree-stump, curling against his brother and sister to try to keep warm.

The next morning he was awakened before the sound of the school bell. Voices woke him up—shouting and squealing. "Oh oh," his family was saying. "Look! Look!"

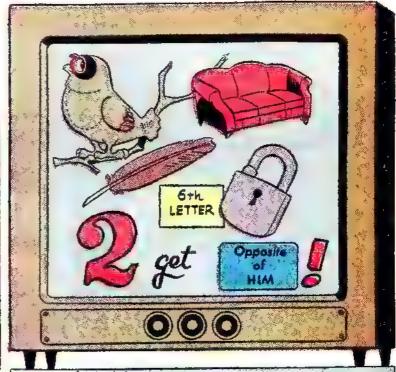
Sammy looked. There in the nearby daisy field stood a big beautiful tree that had never been there before! Inside it was the cozy hollow Sammy had dreamed of!

So . . . thanks to Sammy's faith in magic . . . his family was never cold or wet or unhappy again.

7ommy



CAN YOU READ THE picture PROVERB ?



Peeking

BIRDS OF A REATHER FLOCK TOGETHER! BIRD SOFA FEATHER F LOCK TWO GET HER!

ZONE

STATE



CITY







































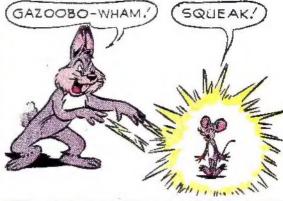


























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